

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

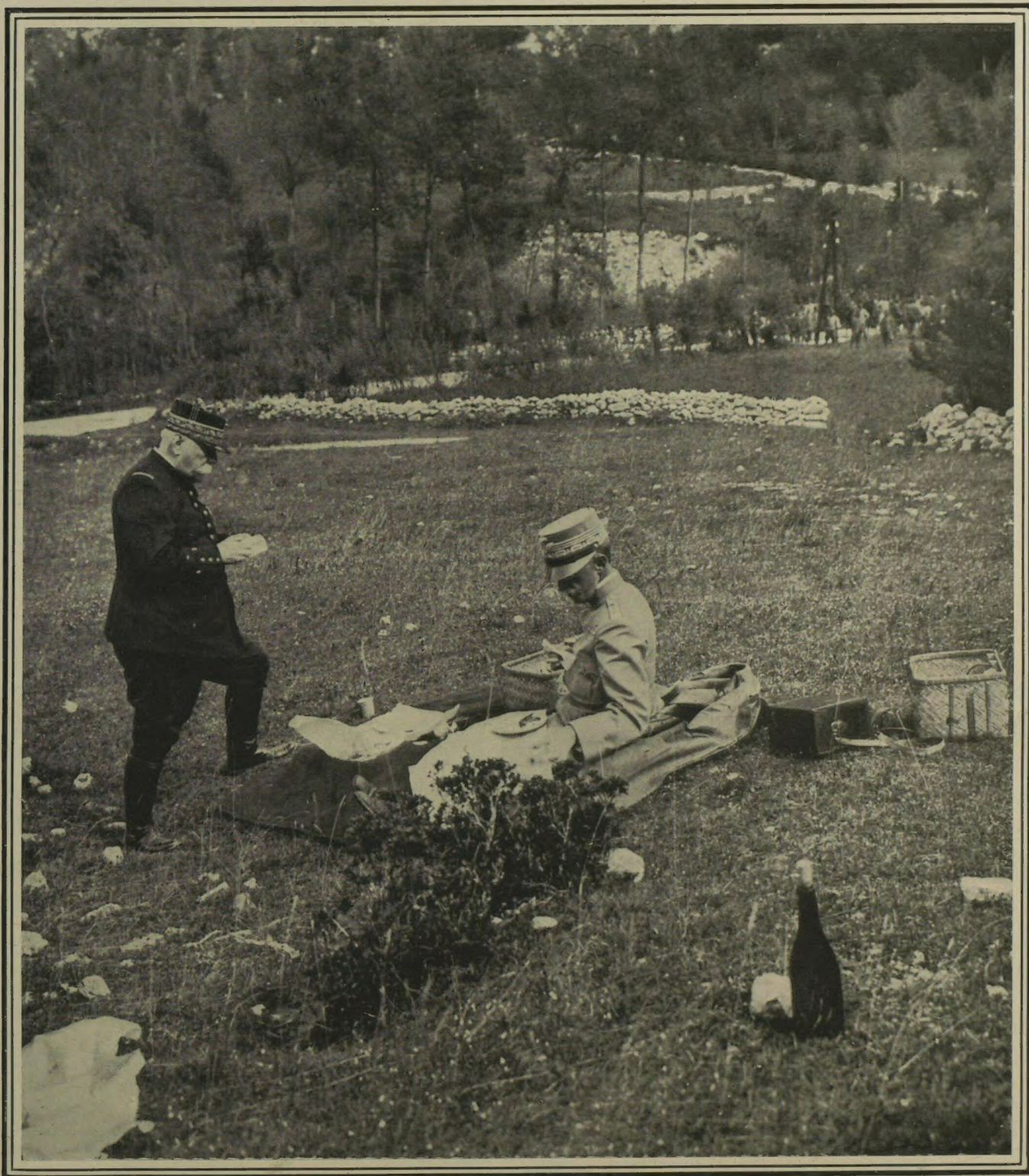
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

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GENERAL JOFFRE'S "SURPRISE" VISIT TO THE ITALIAN FRONT: THE FRENCH GENERALISSIMO AND THE KING OF ITALY
TAKING AN AL-FRESCO "DÉJEUNER."

After his visit to the Italian front (further illustrated elsewhere in this number), General Joffre sent a farewell message to General Cadorna, the Italian leader, in which he said: "On leaving the soil of your beautiful country, on which I spent two days of which I shall always retain a lively and pleasant recollection, it is with great pleasure that I thank you for the particularly warm welcome which I received from you and your comrades of all arms. I beg you to express to the King my most respectful gratitude

for the great kindness which he was good enough to show me during my stay. With his Majesty and in your company I was happy to spend on the Italian front, in contact with your superb troops, a few hours which leave in my mind the strongest and best impression. Fraternally united with the French Army, which ardently applauds your first and brilliant successes, the Italian Army marches with firm step towards final victory which the Allied nations will gain, with united hearts, for liberty and civilisation."

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. D'A.

LITERATURE.

Russia and Democracy.

Mr. G. de Wesselitsky's small but pregnant volume on "Russia and Democracy: The German Canker in Russia" (Heinemann) is almost certainly the most illuminating sketch of Russian history and policy ever brought within the limits of a hundred pages. At the same time, it is written from a single and urgent point of view, which is the reason why the name of the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organisations appears with the publisher's on the title-page, and the work is prefaced by Mr. Henry Cust. The Committee desire to point for ourselves the moral of the story of Russia's well-nigh fatal acquiescence in the Prussian stealthy and persistent penetration into her very vitals. And Mr. Cust testifies from his personal knowledge and experience to Mr. de Wesselitsky's authority as an exponent of that cankerous growth. One or two illustrations of this from the book or brochure itself may be mentioned as the best commendation of its perusal in this country. There is, for example, the story of German policy in 1875-78, outlined here in the chapter of Alexander the Second's reign, and to be told fully, we are promised, in a later volume. In regard to Germany's subsequent betrayal of Russia over the ratification of the Treaty of St. Stefano, and William the First's alliance against Alexander after he himself had declared such to be "manifestly dishonourable," the author was informed by a high dignitary at Berlin of the true reason of the Emperor's consent. Bismarck quoted to his Sovereign, Frederick the Second's words: "We Kings of Prussia sacrifice to the State, not only our life, but also our honour"—an argument, of course, added the dignitary in question, which the Emperor could not withstand. Again, M. de Wesselitsky knows "from the best German sources" that Berlin, just before the conclusion of the Peace of Portsmouth, contemplated sending to Russia an ultimatum concerning her alliance with France, an intention which he believes accelerated the end of the war with Japan.

A Short History of Poland.

There are few chapters in Europe's history more tragic than that of Poland. The historian finds a people possessed of many attractive qualities, enjoying through centuries the blessings of peace, prosperity, and a Government well-nigh republican, and then all the troubles that can afflict a weak and stationary nation, surrounded by strong, ambitious ones. At the moment, Poland looms large in the public eye; her proudest cities have felt the weight of war, her people are, perhaps, in the majority of cases, homeless and impoverished. Russia and the Central Powers are appealing to her in turn, but if the truth be told, she owes little to either group. "A Short History of Poland," by A. S. Rappoport (Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd.), affords a timely reminder of the country's history and struggles. The name derives from *polska*, meaning a plain, and in that name we find one of the reasons for the country's troubles: it has always afforded ample battle-grounds. The evil genius of Frederick II. of Prussia led to the first partition in 1772, when Prussia, Austria, and Russia took what pleased them. The second partition, which gave Great Poland to Prussia, and to Russia a part of Lithuania and Volhynia, led to Kosciuszko's revolt. In 1830 came the revolution against Russia, after which the official use of the Polish language was forbidden, and there was another futile insurrection in 1863. It is interesting to remember that until 1660, Prussia was Poland's vassal, and that less than two hundred years ago, Poland was one of the greatest of the European States. Her services against the Turk were given for more than two hundred and fifty years; she saved Europe, but could not save herself. Her future is wrapped in obscurity, for none can say whether the promises held out to the sorely tried people can or will be carried out. Yet if suffering can earn repose, it must be admitted that Poland and her people have paid the full price.

About Serbia.

In "Serbia: Her People, History, and Aspirations" (Harrap and Co.), M. Woislav M. Petrovitch, Attaché to the Serbian Legation in London, has written an extremely useful little book for the moment. The chapters of history, both before and after the fatal field of Kossovo, are adequate, and the last of them gives a very clear summary of last year's fighting, when, in August, the Serbs hurled back the first invasion of the Austrians after the five days' battle of the Jadar, and in November made the astonishing recovery which resulted in a *débâcle* for the enemy. For an understanding of the Serbian problem, the geographical distribution of the Jugoslavs is briefly expounded by M. Petrovitch in his Preface, which indicates also their political aspirations based on "identity of language, the unanswerable laws of geography, and national consciousness." The promise of the title is thus fulfilled, particularly in respect of the situation that is clearly ripening for further important developments. At the same time, neither the matter nor the manner of M. Petrovitch is contentious. It is ardently patriotic, and the author so completely identifies himself with his people's sentiment as to acquiesce, apparently, in the belief that Marko did awaken at Priip out of his centuries' sleep and lead the Serbian battalions to victory. He claims nothing for their prowess and endurance that has not been testified by the Red Cross and other observers in recent campaigns, and it is interesting to read his native interpretation of the soul of the people as represented by Mestrovic, whose sculpture has been stirring so many eloquent pens among ourselves.

ARNOLD BENNETT
ON SCENES OF WAR.

Owing to circumstances over which we have no control, we are unable to continue this week our series of articles, by Mr. Arnold Bennett, on Scenes of War. It will be resumed next week.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

FICTION.

Love in Fetters. Richard Marsh. 6s. (Cassell.)	
His Wife's Sister. Mrs. Carter Read. 6s. (Long.)	
The Jacket. Jack London. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)	
Richard Chatterton, V.C. Ruby M. Ayres. 2s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
Bittersweet. Grant Richards. 6s. (Grant Richards.)	
Doctor Syn. Russell Thorndike. 6s. (Nelson.)	
Salute to Adventurers. John Buchan. 6s. (Nelson.)	
Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia. R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsall. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)	
With the Best Intention. Bruno Lessing. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)	
The Cloak of Darkness. Sir William Magnay. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)	
Taras Bulba. Nikolai Gogol. 1s. net. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)	
Meditation. Arthur Lovell. (Simpkin, Marshall.)	
Paul Quentin. Fred. M. White. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)	
A Million for a Soul. Mrs. Phillimore. 6s. (John Long.)	
Beacon Fires. Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
The Great Unrest. F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)	
Never in Doubt. Nat Gould. 6s. (Long.)	
The Dual Identity. C. Guise Mitford. 6s. (Long.)	
Herdale's Heir. E. Everett-Green. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)	
The Secret Seaplane. Guy Thorne. 2s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
Cross Tides. Montie McGrigor. 6s. (Long.)	
Of Human Bondage. W. E. Maugham. 6s. (Heinemann.)	
Love of Navarre. Margaret Peterson. 1s. net. (Melrose.)	
Afterwards. Kathlyn Rhodes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)	
The Freeland. John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)	
Gentlemen of the Sea. Paul Trent. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)	
Caves of Shind. David Hennessy. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
Carmoli. Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
Captain the Curé. Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
The Angel in the House. Eden Philpotts. 1s. (Samuel French, Ltd.)	
Stello. Alfred de Vigny. 1s. (Nelson.)	
Pierre Nozière. Anatole France. 1s. (Nelson.)	
The Secret Son. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Methuen.)	



"YPRES, 1915."

In response to inquiries from readers, we have prepared a limited number of real photographs of the unique picture of "Ypres, 1915," published in our issue of Aug. 28. The prints are 20 in. by 13 in., on stiff mount, and may be obtained, price 7s. 6d. each, plus 6d. inland postage, by applying to "L.S.P.," Illustrated London News, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blast. War Number. Edited by Wyndham Lewis. 2s. 6d. net.	
Nelson's History of the War. Vol. VI. John Buchan. 1s. (Nelson.)	
Italy and the Unholy Alliance. W. O. Pitt. 2s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)	
The Secret of Human Power. Haydn Brown. 5s. net. (Allen.)	
The Roll-Call of Serving Women. M. P. Billington. 3s. 6d. net. (Religious Trist Society.)	
The Kaiser: His Personality and Career. Joseph McCabe. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)	
The Balkans, Italy, and the Adriatic. R. W. Seton-Watson. 1s. (Nisbet and Co.)	
Ipra Opulenta. Col. Sir Reginald Hardy. 1s. (Harrison.)	
The Annual Report of Minister of Mines. Printed by W. H. Cullen.	
Recollections of a Royal Gowness. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)	
Temperance, Taxation, and Housing Reform. T. P. Ritzema. 2d. (Broadley.)	
The Faith of Princes. Harvey M. Watts. (Winston and Co.)	
The Round Table. A Quarterly Review of Politics of British Empire. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)	
War and Christianity. Edited by Stephen Graham. 4s. 6d. (Constable and Co.)	
The A.B.C. of Heraldry. Guy Cadogan Rothery. 5s. (Paul.)	
The Hundred Best Animals. Lilian Gask. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap and Co.)	
A Woman's Experiences in the Great War. Louise Mack. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)	
Germany Embattled. Oswald Garrison Villard. 4s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low and Co.)	
Low's Handbook to the Charities of London. 1s. net. (Sampson Low and Co.)	
Tod Sloan. By Himself. 15s. net. (Grant Richards.)	
The Patrizi Memoirs. Marchesa Maddalena Patrizi. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)	
L'Action de l'Armée Belge. (W. H. and L. Collingridge.)	
Home Nursing. Louise E. Dobrée. 1s. net. (Allen and Unwin.)	
Heroes of All Time. E. Gordon Brown, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap and Co.)	
True Stories about Horses. Lilian Gask. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap and Co.)	
Munitions. Junius. 3d. (Cornish Bros.)	
The Italians of To-day. Richard Bagot. 1s. net. (Mills and Boon.)	
Poems. Oliver W. F. Lodge. 3s. 6d. net. (Cornish Bros.)	
The North Sea and Other Poems. H. de Vere Staurope. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)	
A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)	
"Pierrot"—Dog of Belgium. Walter A. Dyer. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)	
Fighting with King Albert. Capitaine Gabrielle Liebert de Fiemalle. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)	
Six Englishmen. Oliver W. F. Lodge. 6d. (Cornish Bros.)	
Thoughts on Life and Religion. Max Müller. 1s. net. (Constable.)	

POETS, BELGIAN AND BRITISH.

THE war has already inspired a good deal of verse, much of it frankly ephemeral. Of the rest, only time can show what will live, but it may be taken for granted that among the work that will not pass into oblivion will be that of Emile Cammaerts, whose lines to King Albert—"Au Grand Roi d'un Petit Pays"—and those beginning "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," set to music by Sir Edward Elgar, are now so well known. Many readers will be glad to possess these and other pieces in book form, namely, "Belgian Poems: Chants Patriotiques et Autres Poèmes: par Emile Cammaerts," with English translations, mostly by Tita Brand-Cammaerts, and a portrait by Vernon Hill (John Lane). The translations, which are gracefully done in verse, and placed side by side with the French text, include one by Lord Curzon, and another by Mr. A. P. Graves. The proceeds of the first edition are to be given to the Belgian Soldiers' Fund for the purchase of tobacco—a fact which explains the refrain in the first poem—"Afin qu'ils fument une pipe de plus." The "autres poèmes" consist of "Noëls" (Christmas pieces), "Poèmes d'Amour," and "Poèmes Mystiques." M. Cammaerts expresses with great charm and pathos his love for children and the simple things of Nature—trees and flowers, animals, and birds. This part of the book, written in times of peace, recalls Blake's "Songs of Innocence." The war-poems naturally are in a sterner, tragic vein.

In turning from the singer of Belgium to Mr. Archibald T. Strong's "Sonnets of the Empire." Before and during the Great War (Macmillan), one finds a fitting sequel in the last sonnet, "The Keeping of the Door," where the poet compares the heroic stand of Belgium against the invaders to the famous deed of Catherine Douglas, "Kate Barlass." Mr. Strong sounds a high imperial note, akin to that of Sir Henry Newbolt, and, in his poetic handling of historical episodes, to that of William Watson. Many of his sonnets are addressed to great British worthies of the past, from Alfred to Wellington, others to India and Australia, Oxford, London, Louvain, and so on. His verse, scholarly and sonorous, has beauty and dignity. The introductory sonnet, written in 1913, was prophetic of Britain's present ordeal—

And now, although the Viking days be done,
Though mercy flower from blood our fathers poured,
Though lovelier visions light us than of old,
Yet death is on us and our race is run
If in our scabbard sleep the lightning sword,
If folly lull us with her dream of gold.

More directly inspired by recent events are "Sonnets and Lyrics," a Little Book of Verse on the Present War, by the late Mr. Bertram Dobell (P. J. and A. E. Dobell). The author did not live to see his work through the press—he died on Dec. 14—and some of the poems were left incomplete. Finishing touches have been put in by a friend. The verse is not quite on the poetic level of Mr. Strong's work. It lacks the indefinable quality that distinguishes poetry from prose: it is, in fact, good prose arranged in correct metre. Here is an extract from the sonnets—

If ever cause was just, just is our cause,
For now we see with clear and opened eyes
How, trampling on all human rights and laws,
The Prussian hordes the world would tyrannise;
On them will rest this awful weight of guilt,
And all the seas of blood that must be spilt.

Mr. Dobell's lyrics include some satiric pieces, mainly on the Kaiser, which show the author's style to better advantage, but can hardly be fairly represented by quotation.

The magic of song, the "lyrical cry," is certainly not lacking in "Poems," by Margaret Maitland Radford (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), but they touch on those delicate nuances of thought and feeling which to-day are overwhelmed by the dark thunder-clouds of war, and seem futile and almost trivial beneath that giant shadow. The book makes no direct reference to the war. It contains a large number of brief, spontaneous impressions, and word-sketches of momentary glimpses of things seen in Nature and life's every day. It cannot be better described than in the author's own *envoi* at the end, as "a breviary of light passing things, A woodland rosary for carolled prayer," and, as she concludes—

A writing in the dust, a child's brief scripturings,
My book tells only sudden, simple things—
A sunbeam on a bramble leaf,
A rush of little wings.

There are moments, even amid the agonies of war, when such things, so gracefully expressed as they are here, bring refreshment of spirit.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is one explanation of what can only be called the antics of the Prussians by land and sea at this moment which has not, I think, been rightly considered. As regards Russia, the situation which exists as I write to-day is largely what it was when I wrote last. Prussia is striking an attitude; and it is a constrained attitude. Prussia is asking to be snapshotted in the instant of victory—because it is an instant. Last week I said that this attitude on the East seemed at first to be in flat contradiction to the attitude on the West; and that there was simultaneously a triumph over Russia and a mere surrender to America. I also noted that only one explanation will explain it. It is explained on the supposition that Germany really thinks she has the upper hand, but also really knows that she cannot stand having much more of the upper hand, finding it an exhausting amusement. This would explain the combination between extreme bravado in the attempted ending of one war, with extreme humility in the attempted avoidance of another. Since then, however, the contradictions have grown yet more contradictory; and the German mentality seems to be complex to the verge of insanity. We have now not only to reconcile pride in the outrages of the past with disavowal of outrages in the future: we have now to reconcile them both with the renewal of outrages in the present. Some seem to think that nothing need be said about any of them except that Germany is bad in everything she does and false in everything she says. I am more anti-German even than most of my countrymen, for I think the peaceful arts and sciences of Prussia, full of pedantry and perversion and the cult of panic, were even worse than the warlike arts and sciences of Germany, full of poisons and instruments of torture, transferred for the first time to the battlefield.

But I think this dismissal of the matter is both easy and insufficient. There are three possible forms for the hostile interpretation of Prussia to take: that Prussia is as ravening as a wolf, that Prussia is as frightened as a sheep, and that Prussia is a wolf in sheep's clothing. But none of these fully explains the sinking of the *Arabic* just before the overture to America, and the sinking of the *Hesperian* just after it. Even a wolf when attired in wool (like a hygienic idealist) does not try to join in the meadow gambols of one lamb in the very act of taking large bites out of another. He does not run round the field kissing a sheep and eating a sheep alternately. If the pirate intended to go on, he would not appear to give way; if he had set the course and intended to sail by it, he certainly would not relish striking his flag, even for a moment. On the other hand, if he wanted to deceive, he would try to deceive. If he wanted to get an advantage by a promise afterwards to be broken, he would get the advantage first and then break the promise. Whatever advantage it was that the Prussian Government hoped to get by apologising to the United States, from the dream of securing a sort of half-pardon from the Pope to the rapture of calling a momentary smile to the acute countenance

of Mr. Wilson, it is quite impossible that the Prussian Government can have got it yet.

As far as one can see, these abrupt changes cannot be parts of one perfectly coherent plan. And the explanation is, I am inclined to think, that they do not really come from one perfectly coherent will. Something, perhaps, must be allowed for practical failures in information or transmission, though I really think the Prussians would rather plead anything than plead frankly a fault in their organisation. Something may be allowed for that, but not much. The German Empire really is materially well organised. But I am more and more inclined to doubt that the German Empire is morally well organised. In other words, I think that the bodies of Germans are pretty thoroughly disciplined; but I gravely doubt whether the souls of Germans are really disciplined at all. That the Germans are patriotic is past all question; it is the most creditable thing

lived hitherto in a very drastic subordination to a small class and to the officers of the State. But that unity is simply a bodily unity, and is largely produced by mere bodily fear. The ultimate Prussian doctrine is that the fear of the sword and not the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but it has the logical consequence that the breaking of the sword is the beginning of a thousand follies. Germans, and many Germanised Englishmen, appear to be wholly unable to understand the real idea of *authority*, which is not a thing to be obeyed when it is strong; but, on the contrary, a thing to be obeyed when it is weak. The last man of a regiment, who dies cut off in a desert full of savages, is a solitary pillar upholding all the huge, invisible heavens of authority. He represents respect for authority precisely because he has least to fear from it and most to fear from its enemies. The other name of Authority is Right.

To hit back when you are lawlessly hit is not

to add a wrong, but, on the contrary, to add a right to the situation. This abstract claim of rectitude remains the same whether the claim is successful or unsuccessful. But the steady attempts of the Prussians—not merely of the Prussian soldiers, but even more of the Prussian professors—to substitute for this abstract right a concrete might as the basis of all fighting has one disadvantage quite apart from its devastating effect on the conscience and the heart. It is that right, or any intelligible claim of right, remains fixed, and can therefore be reckoned with. But might is in its nature mutable; might is unstable as water and shall not excel. Might can knock a man down; but so can water. It cannot make a man prefer to be knocked down, or even consent, as the Poles and the Irish have consented, to be played upon with a hose for ever rather than deny the name of their people. The Irish say they are a

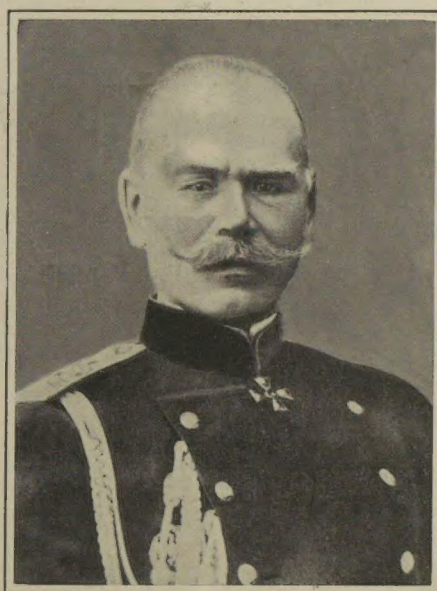
nation; we practically know that they will never say anything more or anything less. But if the Germanies are held together by anything, it is not by a principle, but by an ambition; and an ambition is necessarily opportunist. It is the Nemesis of the Carlylean conception of what he called "canning," or being able, that our very desires become the sport of external circumstances. It sets out to make us free to act; but at the end of it we are not even free to wish. There may be some real German Nationalists who think that Germany is a nation, and must therefore think that Belgium is a nation; just as I hold that England is a nation, and therefore, by logical necessity, hold that Ireland is a nation. But there are certainly others who hold that Germany is not a nation, but a tendency; and that, after it has Germanised the earth, it will only snatch a little light refreshment before Germanising the moon. Against such deep divisions of principle the Prussian policeman is useless. Is it possible that they have come to a grapple in the very heart of the system? I cannot tell; but, if they had, the face of German behaviour would be very much what it is.

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LEADING THE RUSSIAN STAND IN THE BALTIC PROVINCES: GENERAL RUSZKY, AGAIN COMMANDING IN THE NORTH.

General Ruzsky has been reappointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies defending the Russian northern front. Earlier this year he had to relinquish that command, through illness. General Ruzsky previously won a series of victories in Galicia, and the new Russian stand in the Baltic Provinces is ascribed to him. He was made a K.C.M.G. last January.—General Alexeieff, now Chief of Staff under the Tsar, succeeded General Ruzsky earlier in the year, when the latter fell ill, in the command of the northern armies. Previously he had done much to bring about the initial Russian successes in the South. He fought in the Russo-Turkish War, and is one of the ablest of Russian officers.



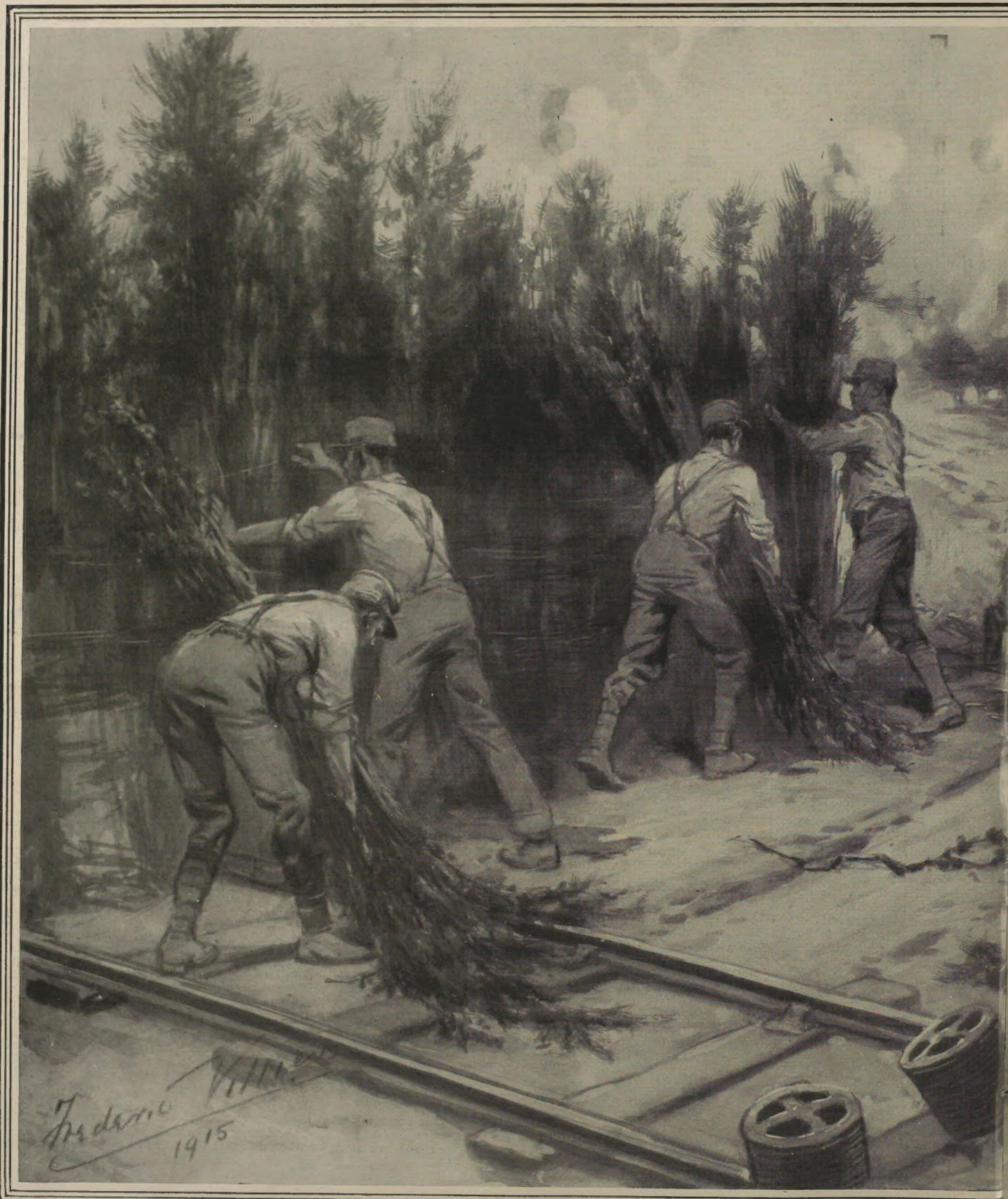
THE NEW CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN GENERAL STAFF, UNDER THE EMPEROR: GENERAL ALEXEIEFF.

about them—one is inclined to add (in the condition at which they have now arrived) the only admirable thing about them. But their national feeling is a feeling. It is not a doctrine—or rather, it is five or six totally different doctrines. When five men commit a murder from five different motives, the time comes when they discover the difference.

It must be remembered that Germany is not only modern, but is particularly proud of being modern. She is like a fashionable dressmaker or a music-hall manager in her parade of what some people call progressive and I call recent. She advertises equally widely the *dernier cri* in guns and in gospels: the sort of war and the sort of wisdom which is said to be "the last"—I wish it really were. The Teutons are intermittently in a turmoil about Our Latest Line in architecture or arson. This race for a random novelty produces everywhere, among ourselves as well as among the Germans, extravagant differentiation and that highly developed form of Individualism which is sometimes put in Colney Hatch. Physical Germany is built upon mental Germany; and mental Germany is an anarchy. All its schools of thought have, indeed,

SCREENING AND FENCING AGAINST THE ENEMY NEAR THE

DRAWN BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL



AISNE: FRENCH TROOPS PROTECTING SECTIONS OF ROAD.

ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



USING GLOBE-HAMMERS TO DRIVE IN STAKES FOR WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS: FRENCH SOLDIERS

In a note to his drawing, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "The French are now busy at work screening the roads at certain points open to the enemy's shell-fire, and are fixing wire entanglements wherever there is a possible spot for a break through the lines." In the centre of the foreground may be seen two "drums" of barbed wire, which is coiled in that form for transport. On the left the men are erecting a screen of foliage to conceal from the enemy an exposed piece of road at a point where it is crossed by a railway. On the right may be noticed the peculiar ball-shaped hammers for driving into the ground posts for wire entanglements. In these hammers there is an aperture for the hand, as indicated in the small sketch-diagram in the right-hand lower corner of the drawing, and a handle inside for the hand to grasp. In the Aisne region there has lately been considerable activity.

STRENGTHENING DEFENCES IN A REGION WHERE ARTILLERY FIRE HAS BEEN VERY VIOLENT.

The French official *communiqué* of September 11 said: "On the canal from the Aisne to the Marne the enemy made two attempts at a *coup-de-main* on one of our advanced posts near Sapigneul, but failed completely." A *communiqué* of the 12th stated: "There was a most violent bombardment to the south of the Scarpe, in the region of Roye, and to the north of the Aisne, between Paissy and Craonelle. A fresh attempt by the enemy against our advanced post at Sapigneul was, like the preceding ones, completely repulsed." Later, it was reported: "North of the Aisne, the Germans directed an intense and prolonged bombardment against our positions between the plateau of Paissy and Le Godat with shells of all calibres. Our artillery replied with effective fire against the enemy trenches and batteries."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Moving Spirit of the Renewed Russian Victories in Galicia: General Ivanoff.



CONTROLLING THE RUSSIAN ARMIES IN GALICIA: GENERAL IVANOFF, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT.

General Ivanoff is in chief command of the southern section of the Russian front, including Galicia, where the Russians have recently won some fine victories, near Tarnopol and Trembowla. "General Ivanoff," writes Mr. Stanley Washburn, the "Times"

correspondent, "is a man of about sixty, with a gentle expression and a voice that is low and musical. Everything about him suggests calm, balance, and absolute self-control. . . . He is a great-hearted, kindly, unselfish man, who is worshipped by all."

The Last Fight of the "Sivoutch": The Russian Gun-Boat that "Perished Gloriously."



"WRAPPED IN FLAME": THE "SIVOUTCH" GOING DOWN, IN THE GULF OF RIGA, WITH HER HEROIC OFFICERS REMAINING ON THE BRIDGE.

The official Russian account of the Russian naval victory in the Gulf of Riga stated: "On our side we lost the gun-boat 'Sivoutch,' which perished gloriously in an unequal action with an enemy cruiser which was escorting the torpedo craft. The cruiser closed

with her to a distance of about 400 metres. The 'Sivoutch,' wrapped in flame and on fire fore and aft, continued to answer shot for shot until she went down, having previously sunk an enemy torpedo-boat." Her captain was Commander Tcherkasoff.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE EASTERN THEATRE OF WAR.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

HOW AIRSHIPS RECONNOITRE EFFECTIVELY AT NIGHT: THE STAR-SHELL.



LIGHTING UP THE SEA WITH DAZZLING RADIANCE, YET REMAINING INVISIBLE: AN AIRCRAFT AT WORK
OFF THE COAST AT DARK.

In the "star shell," aircraft possess a means of reconnoitring after dark, of discovering their whereabouts—much as a man, by striking a match, finds his way about in a dark room. In the present case, the sketch is drawn from a description given by a naval doctor who went out in the tug shown in the foreground to search for a ship which had signalled for medical aid. "The night," said our informant, "was pitch dark and the only light visible was a tiny spark, as it seemed, from a distant light-ship. Suddenly

a star-bomb burst right overhead, and, for a few moments, the sea was brilliantly lit up. The shell had undoubtedly been dropped from some airship, or aeroplane, scouting overhead, though no vestige of the aircraft was visible. On the other hand, it enabled the tug to find the vessel it sought, as the drawing shows. The sudden and blinding glare caused by these illumination-bombs, it may be added, generally prevents their point of origin being located."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FROM THE WORLD-WAR SCRAP-BOOK; PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.; RUSSELL, SOUTHSEA; ELLIOTT AND FRY; AND LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



A HERO WHO THREW BOMBS FOR 41 HOURS: LT. W. T. FORSHAW, V.C.



DIRECTOR OF AIR SERVICES: REAR-ADMIRAL C. L. VAUGHAN-LEE.



TO DEFEND LONDON FROM AIRCRAFT: ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT, BT.



SUPERINTENDENT OF AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION: COMMODORE M. F. SUETER.



ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE TRENCHES: ANCIENT GREEK VASES UNEARTHED WHILE DIGGING POSITIONS IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.



THE RESULT OF A FRANCO-GERMAN AIR-DUEL: THE WRECKAGE OF VON BULOW'S AVIATIK BROUGHT DOWN BY A FRENCH AIRMAN.



A MESSAGE TO WHICH THE FRENCH REPLIED BY CAPTURING, NEXT DAY, THE GERMAN TRENCH CONTAINING IT: A NOTICE ANNOUNCING THE FALL OF BREST LITOVSK DISPLAYED BY THE GERMANS.

Lieut. William T. Forshaw, of the 1/9th Batt. Manchester Regiment (T.F.) received his V.C. "for most conspicuous bravery in the Gallipoli Peninsula." Though wounded and choked by bomb-fumes, he held a very important corner against Turkish attacks, throwing bombs himself for forty-one hours.—The Air Department of the Admiralty has recently been reorganised, and placed under a flag officer, Rear-Admiral C. L. Vaughan-Lee, as Director of Air Services. The previous Director of the Air Department, Commodore M. F. Sueter, has been appointed Superintendent of Aircraft Construction, with promotion.—Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the famous gunnery expert, has been appointed by

the Admiralty "to take charge of the gunnery defences of London against attack by enemy aircraft."—During the operations in Gallipoli it was found necessary to dig trenches on a site selected for archaeological excavations, and the trench-diggers found some ancient sarcophagi containing bones, vases, bowls, lamps, and examples of statuary and pottery.—The wrecked aeroplane shown in one of our photographs was that of an officer of the Prussian Guard, named von Bulow, who was shot by a French airman at a height of about 6000 feet. The lower photograph at the foot of the page tells its own story.

TO BE NAILED OR NOT TO BE NAILED? THE WOODEN HINDENBURG.



SET UP IN BERLIN TO HELP GERMAN WAR-FUNDS: THE BIG STATUE OF FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG UNVEILED IN THE PRUSSIAN CAPITAL.

There was unveiled a few days ago, in Berlin, the big wooden statue of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg which is here illustrated. It was said that the public were to be allowed to drive nails into this, at five marks for an iron nail; ten for a silver nail; and whatever higher price they chose to pay for a gold nail, the proceeds to go to charities. Since then it has been said that, instead of

being given a nail to drive in, each donor will receive a photograph of the statue and a "Denkspruch" (aphorism) in the writing of the Field-Marshal. It seems uncertain at the moment which plan will be followed. At the unveiling, the German Chancellor said: "We have erected a figure destined to translate the gratitude of the people into active charity."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CAVIARE AND "KULTUR."

NOW that the German hordes are momentarily disporting themselves on Russian territory, one's attention is naturally focussed, with more than usual care, on Russian

the mud with its pointed snout, which of necessity creates a kind of liquid fog. It is from this habit that our Anglo-Saxon forebears named this fish Styria, the "stirring one," a name which has come down to us in the form of sturgeon. It is really a marine fish which, like the salmon, comes up the rivers to spawn, though some species are

now entirely fresh-water dwellers. The eggs, which are extremely minute, are encased in a gelatinous envelope, and deposited in sheets on the river-bed. Each of such sheets contains about 3,000,000 eggs. This irresistible desire to secure a fresh-water nursery for their offspring, which under no circumstances will they ever see, man has turned to his own advantage, slaying these potential parents by the thousand before they have achieved the purpose of their being.

The rivers running into the Baltic (like the Vistula and the Niemen) are inhabited only by the western or Royal Sturgeon (*Acipenser sturio*), which may attain

in eager anticipation of the strenuous work about to begin. The task of landing such fish must be indeed difficult, for, though specimens of the maximum weight are rare, the spear may well be thrust into a monster weighing a ton. Thousands may be landed in a single day.

The victims are sometimes sold alive, a few are eaten fresh, but the bulk of the catch are either frozen or salted and dried in the sun, as circumstances determine. When fresh, at any rate, the flavour of the flesh is said to resemble a combination between that of veal and eel, with a twang of lobster. The roes are taken out, spread on boards, and washed in vinegar. Salt is then rubbed in, and the mass is then portioned out and packed in bags, to be sold as caviare. The inner lining of the air-bladder is carefully removed and dried, when it becomes isinglass. Finally, a preparation is made from the spinal marrow which is known as Vyaziga. It is estimated that the value of the sturgeon fisheries of Russia amounts to about 8,000,000 roubles worth per annum. Of this amount, 2,250,000 roubles is made up by the sale of caviare alone.

The sterlet, which occurs in great abundance in the Siberian rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean, as well as in the rivers of the Black Sea, Sea of Azov, and the White Sea, is the most highly prized of all for its flesh. It occurs in the Danube as far as Vienna, so that at least one natural source of food is left for times of stress in Vienna. But this fish thrives best in icy water, hence the northernmost are by far the finest in flavour. When full grown, the sterlet may attain to a weight of 60 lb., but such fish are rare; fish of 20 lb. are common. Unfortunately, however, large hauls of immature fish are permitted, many of which do not exceed two feet in length. Such folly is more especially committed on the Volga and the Dneiper. But many of the Russian rivers are suffering from over-fishing; hence, perhaps, this war may prove—to



A RUSSIAN FISH THAT MAY TURN THE SCALE AT THREE TONS: WEIGHING STURGEON AT ASTRACHAN, ON THE CASPIAN, AT THE MOUTH OF THE VOLGA.

"The western or Royal Sturgeon (*Acipenser sturio*) . . . is a mere pigmy compared with the Big Sturgeon, or Beluga (*Acipenser huso*) of the Black and Caspian Seas, and the rivers running into them, for a full-grown fish may attain a weight of about three tons."

rivers and lakes, which now play such an important part in military operations. In times of peace these not only serve as important highways of communication, but also as sources of considerable economic wealth. The Russian sea fisheries are not an asset of any value, for the Baltic and the Black Sea are so land-locked that their waters are practically fresh. Further, the Black Sea, owing to its great depth, which begins at the shore line, offers no conditions favourable to the sustenance of edible fish; while the Baltic is chiefly remarkable for the small size of such fish as are to be found there. Far otherwise is it with the Caspian, the Sea of Azov, and the Aral Sea, which in their productiveness stand pre-eminent among the fisheries of the world, and amply compensate for the lack of profitable sea-fisheries.

The fish which stands out above all others as the Russian fish is the sturgeon, which is represented by several species. It is a remarkable fish from whatever point of view it may be surveyed. Gristle, not bone, forms its skeleton; but it possesses a very effective armour-plating of curiously fluted, bony bosses running down each side of its body, and closely interlocking bony plates form a protection to the head. During its infantile stages the jaws possess minute teeth, but long before adult life has been attained these disappear, and the mouth becomes transformed into a tubular structure, which can be lowered and raised at will. It works, in short, on the principle of the vacuum-cleaner, being thrust down into the mud to suck up worms and hidden shell-fish; but such crustacea and fish as haunt the bottom are also eaten, as also, it is said, are water-fowl when opportunity offers! Sight plays but a minor part in the discovery of food, which is detected by the aid of delicately sensitive "feelers," or "barbels," hanging from the corners of the mouth. This arrangement is due not so much to the defectiveness of the eyes as to the fact that much of its food has to be obtained by stirring up

a length of fifteen feet and a weight of nearly 500 lb. But this is a mere pigmy compared with the Big Sturgeon, or Beluga (*Acipenser huso*), of the Black and Caspian Seas, and the rivers running into them; for a full-grown fish may attain a weight of about three tons.

This is the fish which forms the staple of the sturgeon fisheries of Russia, though the common sturgeon, and the still more highly prized sterlet, play a very important part in such fisheries. The largest and most carefully organised of these fisheries is that at Rubinsk, on the Volga, where, on the breaking-up of the ice, as many as 100,000 people collect to await the arrival of their victims. Notice is given of this from an outlook on a height, and as soon as the approach of a shoal is announced nets are spread across the stream, and spears and gaffs are seized,



THE GENESIS OF CAVIARE: PREPARING THE ROE OF A LARGE STURGEON (BELUGA) BY RUBBING IT THROUGH A SIEVE TO SEPARATE THE EGGS, AT ASTRACHAN.

"The roes are taken out, spread on boards, and washed in vinegar. Salt is then rubbed in, and the mass is then portioned out and packed in bags, to be sold as caviare." These photographs are published by courtesy of Mr. W. G. White, the well-known purveyor of caviare, of 17, Orange Street, Leicester Square.

the fishing industry at least—a real blessing, for, by the suspension of fishing, their productiveness may in a large measure be revived.

W. P. FYCRAFT.

WITH FACES HIDDEN FROM THEIR DUPES: GERMAN SPIES CAUGHT.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.



WEARING BLACK MASKS THAT THE NATIVES MIGHT NOT RECOGNISE THEM AS "FRIENDS": GUIDES OF THE ADVANCING ENEMY AS CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS.

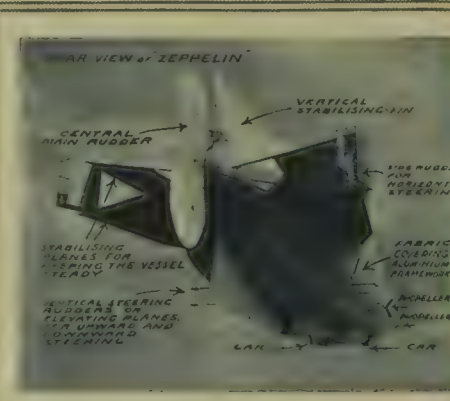
Needless to say, Germany has had her spies in the Tsar's dominions as well as elsewhere, and these, of course, not only supplied information before the war, but have done so during the fighting, and have acted as guides to the advancing enemy. Mr. Seppings-Wright, our artist with the Russians, notes that our Allies have caught a number of these spies, or guides, wearing black masks, and it is assumed that their faces are so

covered that they may not be recognised by the natives when they are conducting the enemy through villages and towns, and so on. The reason for such precautions is obvious. If the guide-spy gets through safely and unrecognised he may be able to return to his dastardly work; recognised, he would be given but short shrift by those who have known him as friend, instead of insidious foe.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

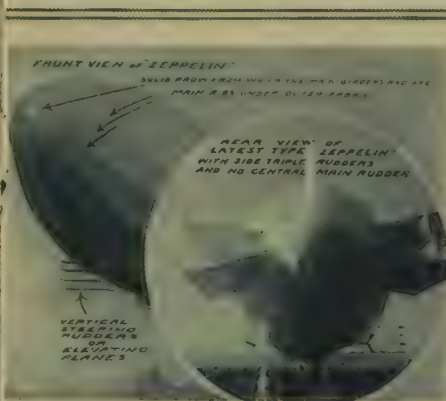
ZEPPELINS: THE DIRIGIBLES UPON WHICH THE ENEMY SETS GREAT STORE—AND USES TO ATTACK CIVILIANS.



A ZEPPELIN ANCHORED ON THE WATER'S SURFACE IN CALM WEATHER: AN OPERATION FOR WHICH THE CRAFT'S GONDOLAS ARE SPECIALLY SHAPED AND CONSTRUCTED.



THE STABILITY PLANES AND RUDDERS FOR HORIZONTAL FROM STERN AND VERTICAL STEERING.



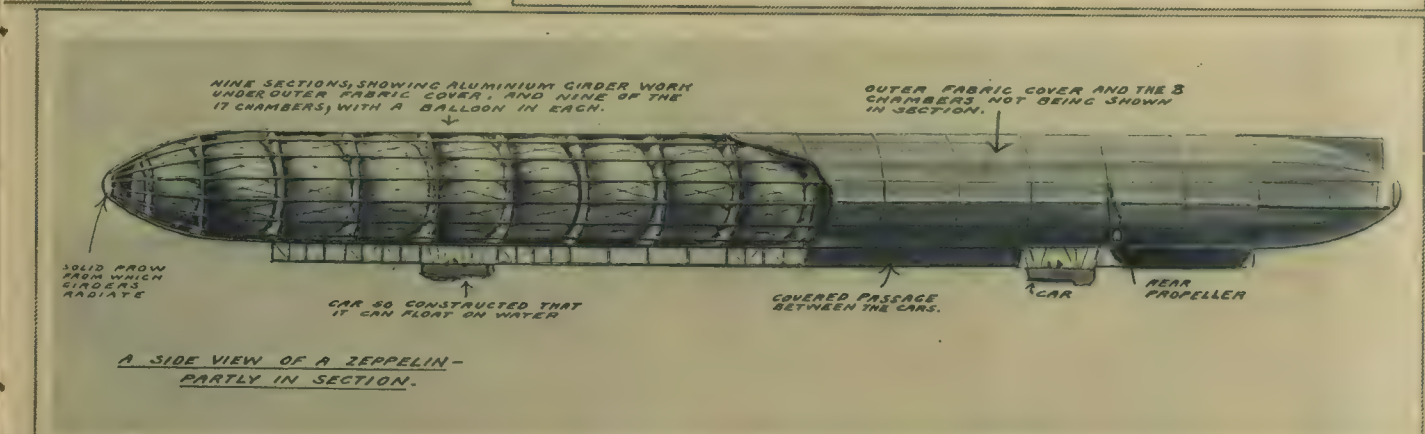
STEERING AND CLIMBING TO HIGH ALTITUDES: VIEWS AT THE BOWS.



WHEN GOING AT FULL SPEED: SHOWING THE CLOUD OF VAPOUR FROM THE EXHAUST PETROL GIVEN OFF BY THE ENGINES WHEN WORKING AT HIGH PRESSURE.



THE IMMENSE LENGTH OF AN AVERAGE ZEPPELIN OF THE LARGEST DIMENSIONS EXISTING AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR: DIAGRAM COMPARING ITS LENGTH WITH A SECTION OF PICCADILLY.



THE INTERIOR CONSTRUCTION OF THE HULL AND BUOYANCY METHODS: SHOWING THE OUTER COVERING PARTIALLY STRIPPED TO DISCLOSE THE LATTICE GIRDER FRAMEWORK AND GAS-BAG BALLONETS.



PRACTISING HIDE-AND-SEEK TACTICS IN MID-AIR: A ZEPPELIN PASSING BETWEEN HEAVY CLOUDS IN WHICH IT CAN SCREEN ITS MOVEMENTS FROM OBSERVATION BELOW.



A MID-AIR PHOTOGRAPH FROM A ZEPPELIN: WITH RACE THAT TOOK PLACE IN GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR.



ITS TELL-TALE SHADOW: AN AIRCRAFT AND TRAIN GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR.



A PHOTOGRAPH CAPABLE OF VARIOUS INTERPRETATIONS: RETURNING TO LAND AT EARLY MORNING AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT FLIGHT OVER WATER.

Having regard to recent events, these Zeppelin illustrations will be of immediate interest. As the published official recognition-charts have emphasised, Zeppelin airships are readily distinguishable from the cigar or fish forms of other types—British and German—by their extra-elongated cylindrical bodies, and by the two cars suspended from the keel, together with wide and prominently noticeable vertical and horizontal steering rudder-planes astern. As far as information goes, at the time of the outbreak of war, Germany had twelve Zeppelins in commission and six building, the size of the largest being upwards of 500 feet in length, practically the exact size of the one shown compared with the street elevation plan in the left centre illustration above. These were driven by three engines, each of 650 horse-power, with a speed of 53 miles an hour, and the capacity of keeping up full power continuously for 100 hours. The six 1914 Zeppelins under construction were designed to be of, approximately, 600 feet length, and to have four 800 h.p. engines each, giving from 56 to 60 knots' speed

with full-speed cruising power of from 100 to 120 hours. German developments since then, alike in regard to numbers of vessels building and completed, size, speed, and travelling capacity of newer Zeppelins, are practically a blank as far as concerns reliable public information. The essential Zeppelin feature is the rigid aluminium framework forming the hull from end to end, braced together by girders and lattice work, and covered by an outer casing of cloth of special material. The hull within is divided into from seventeen to twenty-three isolated compartments, each holding an oval gas-bag, with safety-valves, etc., the idea being to enable the airship, as a whole, to keep up should a shot pierce any one part of the hull. On either side-frame are two pairs of propellers, the front pair usually two-bladed, and the rear pair four-bladed. Spacious projecting fins ensure stability, with vertical rudder-planes in pairs and a central rudder for horizontal steering. For vertical steering, there are sixteen planes in sets of four at each side, at front, and rear. The crews, with bombs and engines, are carried in the "gondolas" beneath the hull.

THE FATE OF A ZEPPELIN: ONE OF GERMANY'S

DRAWN BY ALFRED BASTIEN.



MURDEROUS AERIAL CRUISERS DESTROYED IN PORT.

FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED.



LEGITIMATE AERIAL WARFARE: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GERMAN AIRSHIP SHED

In view of the recent Zeppelin raids on this country, it is well to bear in mind that the German dirigibles are themselves extremely vulnerable to bomb attack, if only they can be caught in an available position. Such an occasion is shown in our drawing, which, though illustrating an event now some time past, is of particular interest at the moment. It will be remembered that on the same day that Lieut. Warneford destroyed a Zeppelin in the air near Ghent, another of these aerial cruisers met its fate, so to speak, in port. The first Admiralty announcement said: "This morning at 2.30 a.m. an attack was made on the airship shed at Evere, north of Brussels, by Flight-Lieuts. J. P. Wilson, R.N., and J. S. Mills, R.N. Bombs were dropped and the shed was observed to be in flames. It is not known whether a Zeppelin was inside, but the flames reached a great height, coming out from both sides of the shed. Both pilots returned safely." Later, it was stated that the Zeppelin "L.Z. 39" had been destroyed in the shed. The two daring pilots each received the Distinguished

AT EVERE, WITH A ZEPPELIN INSIDE, BY BOMBS FROM TWO BRITISH AEROPLANES.

Service Cross. They had to make a long flight in the dark over hostile territory, and during the attack were exposed to heavy fire from German anti-aircraft guns. Our artist has drawn the scene of havoc at Evere after the two British airmen had dropped their bombs on the airship shed and flown away. Unlike the Zeppelins which raid this country, they had aimed at, and hit, a legitimate military objective. When it is recalled how many women and children have been killed by German bombs, it can only be felt that those in charge of the shed met with a just retribution. There was jubilation in Brussels at the destruction of the shed, and it was reported afterwards that the Germans made it a pretext for imposing on the city a fresh fine of £200,000. Brussels is seen in the background of the drawing. On the left are some Belgians intently watching the effects of the British raid. On the right are German anti-aircraft guns, one mounted on an armoured car, and stretcher-bearers proceeding to attend to casualties.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ONE OF THE STRONGEST SUPPORTS OF TSARDOM: COSSACKS KEEPING THEIR BOND BY FIGHTING FOR THEIR RULER.

UNTOUCHED ENLARGEMENT FROM A SNAPSHOT TAKEN WITH A NO. 3A FOLDING POCKET KODAK.



COSSACKS IN ACTION: A CHARGE BY THOSE WARRIORS WHO ARE MORE DREADED THAN ANY OTHER RUSSIAN FIGHTING-MEN — AN UNTOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH.

The Cossack has become almost a legendary figure, while remaining a very real warrior much dreaded by the enemies it is his particular duty to harass. To quote Mr. Alan Lethbridge on "The New Russia": "Of the Cossacks, about whom so much is talked nowadays, the following data may possess some interest. The Cossacks originated in the middle of the sixteenth century, and their name primarily signified vagabond. At that time Russia was suffering greatly from Tartar raids, and these freelances, many of whom were of Polish extraction, banded together nominally for the defence of the frontier, but actually for their own ends. . . . They embraced all nationalities . . . anyone might join them, since no questions were asked, and so long as the new-comer could ride and shoot he was a welcome addition to this

band of roving spirits. . . . As they increased in numbers and strength, they grew to be recognised as an institution, and as forming the nucleus of a most valuable military aid. . . . As their power increased, however, they were removed from their original location on the banks of the Dnieper, and were given territory in the basin of the Don. Time rolled on, and sections of them joined expeditions into the then unconquered regions of Siberia and elsewhere, being granted as a reward for their services large tracts of land in perpetuity. . . . The return demanded was that, when called upon, they should always give their services to their Tsar-Protector. . . . The Cossack organisation of to-day is one of the strongest supports of Tsardom."

DOCTORING THE "CASUALTIES" AMONG THE HORSES: IN AN ARMY VETERINARY CORPS CAMP AT THE FRONT, IN FRANCE.



IN AN ARMY VETERINARY CORPS CAMP AT THE FRONT: CORRUGATED IRON HORSE-STALLS; AND A DRINKING-TROUGH.



MEDICINE FOR THE PATIENTS: HORSES BEING TREATED



FOR COLIC IN A SPECIAL QUARTER OF THE CAMP.



WITH THE PHARMACY FACING IT: AN OPERATING-SHED IN THE OPEN AT THE ARMY VETERINARY CORPS CAMP.



NEARLY READY TO RETURN TO THE FRONT: EXERCISING CONVALESCENTS.



SHOWING THE KRAAL SYSTEM; AND MEN'S



HUTS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP



A CHARGER OF THE FUTURE BORN IN THE CAMP: A BABY WAR-HORSE.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL FROM THE FRONT: EXAMINING AND TREATING WOUNDED HORSES.



READY FOR THE NIGHT: HORSES CLOTHED



AGAINST THE RIGOURS OF THE DARK HOURS



ORNAMENTATION BETWEEN THE ROWS OF HORSE-STALLS: A GARDEN IN THE ARMY VETERINARY CORPS CAMP.

It is gratifying to know that the Army Veterinary Corps Camp in the North of France is doing most humane and valuable work in the case of wounded, diseased, or exhausted horses sent back from the front. The site of the camp has been judiciously chosen, and order, sanitation, control, and science are everywhere obvious. Directly the wounded horses arrive from the front they are inspected, and each case receives the latest scientific treatment. A large adjacent factory has been converted into a hospital which will accommodate some three hundred patients. It must be borne in mind that nearly all the horses treated in the Camp were accustomed before the war to the protection of stables, and, consequently,

were apt to suffer from exposure to bad weather, as well as from wounds. Now, in the Camp, they are protected, wounds are quickly dressed, pain, when possible, at once relieved, and cases of colic and skin diseases are dealt with, the latter being at once isolated; while the "kraal" system allows the horses to have free exercise with practically no supervision. The mortality among the horses has considerably decreased since the formation of this well-arranged and well-equipped Camp, which has been inspected by that famous expert, Lord Lonsdale, who expressed great satisfaction and praised the excellent work which it is doing.

CANNED POISON-GAS OPENED BY RIFLE-SHOTS: A NEW GERMAN TRICK.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



DAYLIGHT: GERMAN TINS CONTAINING POISON-GAS, DEPOSITED AT NIGHT OUTSIDE FRENCH WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, HIT BY ENEMY RIFLE FIRE, SO AS TO RELEASE THE ASPHYXIATING FUMES.

Besides projectors and gas-shells, the Germans have other devices for sending asphyxiating fumes against the troops of the Allies. A method—ineffective—is illustrated. Under cover of night, German soldiers creep up to the opposing lines and place on the ground, as near as possible to the Allies' trenches, usually just outside the wire entanglements, small tins which contain a glass vessel filled with liquid poison-gas and surrounded

by sawdust to prevent it from breaking prematurely. The tins are left, with their lid unfastened, on the ground where they will be visible from the German trenches. When daylight comes, and the wind is blowing towards the Allies, the Germans fire at the tins with their rifles. A hit breaks the bottle within and thus releases the fumes of the gas, which float towards the Allies' trenches. Several tins thus hit may be seen.

(Continued opposite)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT: FRENCHMEN CAPTURE A GERMAN "GAS-MAN."

DRAWN BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



**DARKNESS: A GERMAN SOLDIER WHO HAS CREEPT UP TO THE FRENCH LINES TO PLACE POISON-GAS TINS
IN POSITION CAUGHT RED-HANDED BY FRENCH SOLDIERS.**

Continued
in the drawing, which also shows the puffs of bullets falling near them. The tin on the right is nearly exhausted of gas. In the foreground is a shell-hole. The scene of the right-hand drawing is the same as that on the opposite page, but the time is night instead of day. A German soldier who has crept up to the French wire entanglements to place on the ground tins of poison-gas, for the purpose explained opposite, has been

detected by the occupants of the French trenches. Two men with fixed bayonets rush upon him in the darkness and make him a prisoner, before he has time to snatch up his rifle which he has laid beside him on the ground. He carries a number of the poison-gas tins attached to his belt. (The handle for this attachment is seen in the tin which he has placed on the ground.)—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GENERAL JOFFRE'S "SURPRISE VISIT": THE FRENCH GENERALISSIMO IN ITALY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. D'A.



THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND THE ITALIAN SOVEREIGN: GENERAL JOFFRE AND KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.



IL RE: ITALY'S CHEERFUL AND ENERGETIC KING ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS ON THE MILITARY SITUATION GENERAL JOFFRE TALKING TO TWO ITALIAN GENERALS.



ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN FRONT) GENERAL JOFFRE, GENERAL CADORNA, COLONEL GOMEIN, AND GENERAL PORRO.



A VISIT TO THE DUKE OF AOSTA AT HIS VILLA: GENERAL JOFFRE LEAVING THE HOUSE—WITH THE DUKE AND GENERALS CADORNA AND PORRO BEHIND.

The news that General Joffre had visited the Italian front came as a surprise, for, naturally, such movements on the part of those in high command are not heralded beforehand. During the two days he spent at the Italian front, the French Generalissimo was taken to various important points of the line, and was able to exchange views and concert plans with the Italian leaders. He travelled by train to Milan, being joined on the way at Turin by General Porro. From Milan they motored to the Italian Head-

quarters, where General Joffre received a very hearty welcome from King Victor Emmanuel, whose presence at the front has done so much to animate his troops; and from General Cadorna, who is in charge of the Italian operations. King Victor conferred upon his distinguished visitor the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy, the highest Italian military decoration. On the first day of his visit, General Joffre saw the Italian position near Doberdo, and on the second Monte Nero and the Austrian defences of Tolmino.

THE CHANGES IN THE RUSSIAN COMMAND: NEW LEADER AND OLD.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL.



THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF HIS FORCES; AND THE NEW CAUCASIAN VICEROY: THE EMPEROR; AND THE GRAND DUKE.

There has been a notable change in the position of the pieces upon the Russo-Austro-German chess-board, the Emperor of Russia having placed himself in supreme command of his Army and Navy, and the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose great fighting retreat has won world-admiration, having been appointed "Viceroy of the Caucasus and Commander-in-Chief of the valiant Caucasian Army." In his Imperial Majesty's rescript to the Grand Duke, the Emperor says: "At the beginning of the war I was unavoidably prevented from following the inclination of my soul to put myself at the head of the Army. That

was why I entrusted you with the Commandership-in-Chief of all the land and sea forces. Under the eyes of the whole of Russia, your Imperial Highness has given proof during the war of steadfast bravery. . . . I express . . . my profound gratitude and that of the country for your labours during the war." The Grand Duke Nicholas in an Order to his troops says: "To the valiant Army and Fleet: To-day our august chief, his Majesty the Emperor, has put himself at your head. I appreciate deeply your heroism during the period of over a year. I express to you my cordial and sincere gratitude."—[Drawing Copyrighted in United States and Canada.]

SIGNING AWAY GERMAN S.-W. AFRICA: THE SURRENDER AT "KILO. 500."



THE FINAL SCENE OF GENERAL BOTHA'S VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: THE GERMAN COMMANDER, LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANCKE (AT BACK) READING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED FACE TO FACE AT THE SAME TABLE: GENERAL BOTHA (ON THE RIGHT) SITTING OPPOSITE LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANCKE (ON THE LEFT) AT THE SIGNING OF THE SURRENDER.

In a telegram from the Governor-General of South Africa to the Colonial Office it was stated: "The surrender of the military forces of the Protectorate of German South-West Africa, as agreed to by the Government of the Union of South Africa, and accepted by His Excellency, Dr. Seitz, the Imperial Governor of the Protectorate of German South-West Africa, and the Commander of the said military forces . . . was signed at Kilo. 500 on the railway line between Otavi and Khorab, on the 9th day of July, 1915." In the upper photograph, the German commander, Lieut.-Colonel Francke, may be seen

at the back perusing the document containing the terms of surrender. The other figures in the group which are indicated by numbers are: (1) Colonel Collyer; (2) Über-Leutnant Trynor; (3) Governor Seitz; (4) Major Bok; and (5) General Botha. The German officers were allowed to retain their arms on signing the following form of parole: "The undersigned hereby pledge myself on honour not to re-engage in hostilities in the present war between Great Britain and Germany." Their choice of abode had also to receive the sanction of the South African Government.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAVETTY, CHAMBERLOR, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE, AND HERSFORD.



Lieut. H. R. W. Meager was eldest son of the late Mr. F. B. Meager and Mrs. Meager, of Newport, Isle of Wight. He came with the Australian Contingent and distinguished himself in the landing at Gallipoli. Major R. L. Carnegie had served with distinction with the 9th Gurkha Rifles; he was in the Tirah Expedition (medal, with two clasps). He was son of the late Major G. A. Carnegie, J.P., and Mrs. Carnegie, of The Belchamps, Abergavenny. Major A. C. Henson was son of Alderman George Henson, of Wellingborough. Lieut.-Col. George Fletcher Broadrick was eldest son of the late Lieut. Richard Fletcher Broadrick, R.N., and Mrs. Broadrick (née Crewdson), of Highfield, Windermere. He served in India and the Transvaal, where he received the Queen's medal, with five clasps. Lieut.-Col. Sir John Peniston Milbanke, V.C., served as A.D.C. to Sir John French in the South African War, and won his V.C. by gallantry at Colesberg, where

he brought a man in under a galling fire. He was then in the 10th Hussars. His elder son, now Sir John Charles Peniston Milbanke, was born in 1902. Brig.-Gen. Paul Aloysius Kenna, V.C., D.S.O., was a prominent rider at the Olympia Horse Show and the Royal Military Tournament, and a distinguished soldier and sportsman. Capt. Alastair FitzHugh MacLean was youngest son of Major-Gen. Charles S. MacLean, C.B., C.I.E., of Milton House, Fareham. He had served with distinction in Tibet and elsewhere, and took part in the repulse of the Turkish raid on the Suez Canal. Capt. Roger Dyke Baker was a son of the late Rev. Henry De Foe Baker, Rector of Thruxton, Hants, and of Mrs. Baker, of Crowthorne, Berks, and had served with distinction on the North-West Frontier of India and in Somaliland. Capt. Gordon Pemberton Leach was only son of the late General Sir Edward Leach, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., and of Lady Leach, 3, Egerton Place, S.W.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"YA D'JOLIES FEMMES." AT THE GARRICK.

PERHAPS our English managers arrange these things rather better, even to the detail which suggests the title of Mme. Raisimi's new French revue. But in its modest way "Ya d'Jolies Femmes" is sure to please, if only because of its rollicking fun and fun-makers, and its array of agreeable spectacle. The most exigent of playgoers will only have praise for the Garrick "exposition de modes," with its frequent parade of the newest fashions; and all London should crowd to see and hear sprightly Mlle. Lucette de Landy deliver her "Song of the Peri-scope" and use her mirror as a sort of searchlight upon victims in the audience. She is, however, not the only "jolie femme" who scores, for Mlle. Del moris, with her dance of propriety and her mummy turn, is no less ingenious. As for the comedians, they are led by the Belgian M. Libeau and his partner M. Marichal, whose drilling and boxing episodes, and pretence at being English Tommies in order to fascinate a couple of dashing Parisiennes, would make the fortunes of a much less merry show.

"WHEN LONDON SLEEPS." AT THE PRINCES.

That fine old crusted melodrama, "When London Sleeps," is like wine that has been kept wisely. Twenty years have gone over its head only to improve its flavour. There is no nonsensical pretence about this play; it goes in for broad effects, and gets them triumphantly. Its big circus, its night-club scene, and, above all, the thrilling escape of its heroine, a "queen of the slack wire," over the telephone-wires, are all first-rate sensations, and they provide but the best moments of a drama that is crammed full of adventure and romance. Mr. Henry Lonsdale's breezy hero and Mr. Arthur Poole's elegant villain are good enough for any melodrama we have ever had or are likely to have. Miss Rose Ralph has the right air and sweetness for persecuted virtue. Miss Lilian Hallows plays for all the part is worth a woman with a naughty past; and Mr. Andrew Emm supplies most of the welcome comic relief. Such a stirring story so vigorously rendered is just the thing to make people forget their out-of-door troubles.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL." AT THE STRAND.

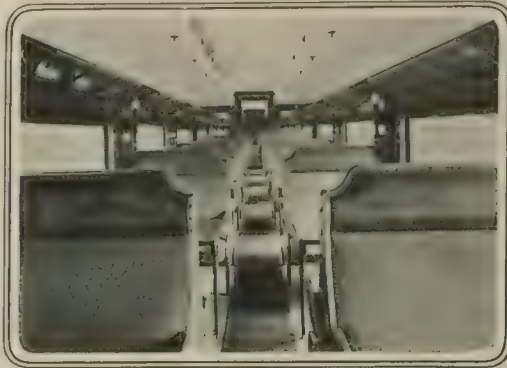
Whenever Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are in need of a trump card, they play "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and full houses result and enthusiasm prevails. The attraction of this blend of Regency manners and French

Revolutionary roughness seems inexhaustible. Mr. Terry has only to put his head round the screen in the first act and show the fair wig and laugh the inane-seeming laugh of Sir Percy Blakeney, and his admirers in front settle down in the certainty of solid enjoyment. They know they are in for a series of strange disguises, hair-breadth escapes, and baffled villainies which will give them the "thrills" of peril without its accompaniments of discomfort and doubt. Mr. Terry was never in better form than at last Saturday night's revival, and seemed to relish acting the zany even more than revealing the genius of conspiracy; and Miss Julia Neilson, as the wife set to trap her husband, made the most of every opportunity for coquetry and passion. It does not look as if the Strand management would need any successor to "The Scarlet Pimpernel" for many a week.

"MY SHRUBS."

MR. Eden Phillpotts, writer of exquisite stories, has a passion for shrubs, and that passion has led him to write what he calls a booklet, a bulky volume of some hundred and thirty pages and about fifty full-page plates. In "My Shrubs" (John Lane) he starts with an introduction that most of us who have been misled by specious catalogues will appreciate, and then proceeds to deal with the shrubs in alphabetical order from the Abelia named after Dr. Clarke Abel to the Zanthoxylum, or prickly ash. Only to the keen amateur gardener can such a book as this appeal; but those who will take the trouble to read about plants will find a measure of refreshment in the author's stray comments. "Beyond all

things," he remarks, "a garden is a place to forget your cares, not to breed them." This is sound in a measure, but one is not convinced that Mr. Phillpotts has lived up to his own aphorism. He confesses to a limestone soil and to the necessity of building peat "in islands rising full three feet above the stormy seas of lime." He has known the bitterness of unfulfilled desire, when the shrub that thrives on the west coast of Ireland has refused Devonshire altogether. Then he talks of dour experiences and tragedies. Yet, on the whole, he appears satisfied, and with reason, for he has brought much loving care and a keen sense of beauty to his labours.



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INSPECTOR : "Why, because it cannot be improved."

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LADIES' PAGE.

EARLY AUTUMN FASHIONS.

WHAT do we talk about nowadays, we women, when we foregather? Not wholly dress, you may be sure. We dress in normal times to please men, and every man worth thinking about is now so absorbed in the position of his country that, while he cares more intensely than ever for womanly sympathy and assistance, he cares less than usual for the meretricious unessentials. Then the necessity for and the acceptance of economy is felt needful in regard to dress and other things. The consequent diminution of expenses on the part of the great dressmaking firms must mean, of course, distress amongst workers of various kinds. Domestic service, however, still needs many more labourers than it has available, and no woman young and strong enough to undertake the necessary cleaning and other duties of a home need want for employment. As regards dress, the trade arbiters of our modes have perceived that no radical changes—and, above all, no "freak fashions"—have a chance of being accepted by the women who really count, the enormous majority of our sex, and the changes indicated are slight and sensible enough, as far as the first autumn gowns and hats are concerned.

Millinery is always the first item to put forth new blossoms at the changes of the seasons. Small and wide hats are trying conclusions against each other. Small hats are most sensible in the rough and windy weather that we must soon expect, the "equinoctial gales," and when the brevity of the sunshine prevents the need of shade being felt. But large-brimmed hats are the more smart-looking and becoming to most faces, and for a "best hat" the rather wide, prettily curved brims that are being shown will be preferred by many women. These new shapes are oval in form rather than round, so as to show the hair on the temples, for this style of coiffure is still in the ascendant, being the most suited to the small hats that, of course, will be worn by most of us in turn with the wider ones, at any rate. Some wearers will choose only small hats, and in that case will find them to be made to fit well down and closer than ever to the head. In fact, the pill-box and turban shapes that we see in fashion-plates of the 'sixties of the last century are being reproduced. Velvet, felt, a heavy corded silk, and a coarse weave of straw with a very highly glazed surface are the materials most employed for these round shapes. The larger shapes are also mostly covered in velvet. Ostrich feathers, long and full, are to be much used again, lying down round the big shapes, and standing erect on the smaller ones.

Trimmings of fur are ubiquitous. On hats, on gowns, on coats, and on skirts, a band of fur is "quite the thing." The new coats frequently, generally even, have a straight-round collar-band once more, and this band is often of fur, forming a real *tour de cou*, the coat buttoning up close to the throat to meet the collar. The furriers are offering



AN AUTUMN FROCK FOR THE COUNTRY.

Suitable for those coming out of mourning is this tweed coat-and-skirt of a grey mixture with grey cloth facings, the large pockets, which are a great feature of this model, being also in grey cloth. The blouse shows one of the new high organdi collars finished with a black satin tie.

little distinct all-round neck-ties of fur to meet the case of coats that are made open at the throat. These are usually closed at the back of the neck with a large double bow of satin ribbon or of velvet that stands out beyond the ears in a becoming manner. A small piece of fur will make one of the little all-round ties described, and a clever girl can get her bit of fur trimming and mount it on satin for herself. Any fur can be used, but, of course, if fur bands trim the hat, the *tour de cou* should be made of the same fur. A white felt hat trimmed with skunk, a black velvet with bands of ermine, a pink velvet with some chinchilla upon it, are examples of the fur-trimmed hat, which should have a harmonising necktie.

Though we have been threatened with a shortage of dyed woollen materials for the coming winter, it is not yet very apparent. The prices have certainly risen, alas! very considerably; but there is apparently an ample supply of all colours suitable for tailor-made gowns and coats and skirts in woollen cloths at the price asked. The smooth cloths of the gaberdine order (every manufacturer seems to have invented a name for his own special weave, but always begins it with the syllable "gab") are very fashionable. The ever-useful navy-blue serge is as much patronised as ever; most well-dressed women keep a blue serge skirt and coat always in working trim in the wardrobe, for it is never out of place, and if it is nicely made is smart enough for most occasions when tailor-made garments are in keeping at all. The most important novel feature about the new coats is the fullness of the basque. It "flares," it almost "flutes" at the sides and the back, while the front falls perfectly straight. The under-arm piece, however, is often shaped in, so as to give an indication of the hips, and is, perhaps, trimmed with braid or outlined with stitching; and this waist-line indication will probably be accentuated as the winter comes on. Meantime, the straight up-and-down look of the whole costume continues, particularly in regard to the short loose coats that are still made very largely. High military collars are usually cut for the short coats, and are often covered with velvet of a contrasting shade, such as crimson velvet on brown cloth, black on putty-colour, green or dark red on black, and so on. Purple velvet seems liked on almost all shades of mixed and fancy tweed.

As to afternoon frocks, there is a decided tendency to make these in three-tier skirts. Another frequently adopted idea is a very deep tunic cut out in scallops or battlements round the edge. Again, we find a hip-yoke fitting closely to the figure, and having the rest of the skirt pleated or kilted on the yoke. Or the corsage often has a deep pleated basque set on at the natural waist-line, and overhanging the skirt nearly to the knee or beyond it. The Russian coat is also again copied, fastening down the left side of the figure, and trimmed there with an edging of fur. There is naturally still scope for many attempts at novelty, but the early autumn fashions are certainly in no way extreme, and are particularly sensible and practical.

FLORENA.

Children's Smocks

No. 1.—Smock in Crêpe de Chine, d'ont, colours, blue, pink, gold, sage, vieux rose, cinnamon brown, and white, in various sizes, 20 in. long, or child about 2½ to 3 years.

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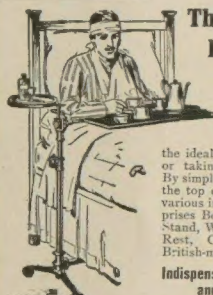


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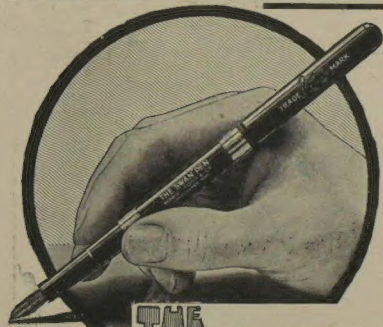
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Motor-Cycles. Popular motoring is fast becoming the province of the motor-cycling brigade. As despatch-riders they have proved of great utility; and in what pleasure-riding is done to-day on our highways the ubiquitous motor-cycle is the machine in majority. Like the car-makers, the motor-cycle manufacturers are hard put to it to supply the public with its wants, and so the American maker has seized the opportunity to introduce his wares to the British market. In the ordinary way, I do not think this fact would intrude itself in this column, but the American product of the "two-wheeler" power-propelled roadster differs considerably from our own motor-cycles, hence these chronicles of the ups and downs of motordom would not be complete without some mention of this phase of self-propelled machine construction. One of the latest of these American motor-cycles is the Harley-Davidson, and where this forms an excellent example of the American ideas as compared with our own in motor-cycle design is that it is much nearer a car design than our machines.

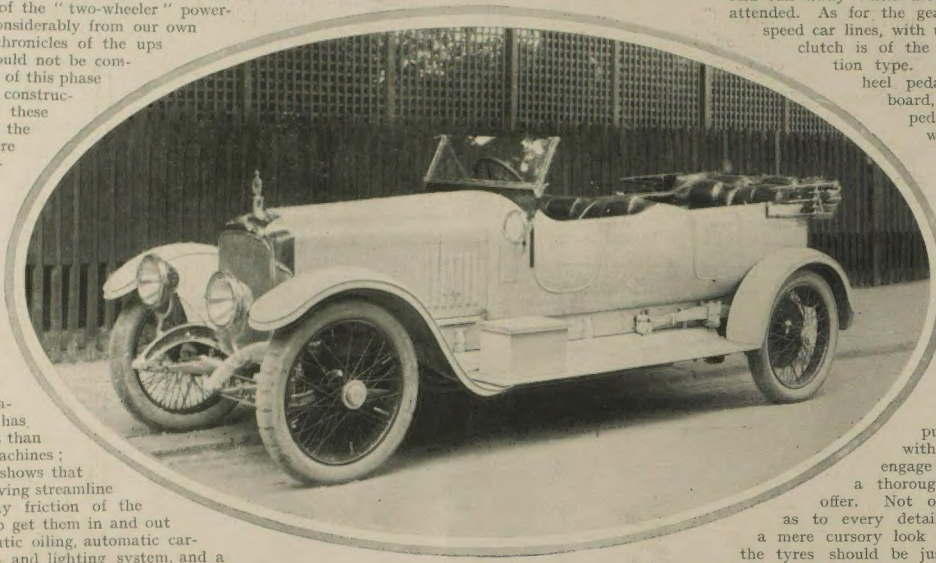
Automatic Oiling. The engine is a 7-9-h.p. twin-cylinder, with a bore of 84.1 mm. and a stroke of 88.9 mm.—nearly a "square" motor—giving a cubic capacity of 989 cc. This motor has much larger valves and ports than one usually sees in such machines; while the design of the ports shows that attention has been paid to giving streamline passages, thus avoiding any friction of the passing of the gases, so as to get them in and out as easily as possible. Automatic oiling, automatic carburation, an electric dynamo and lighting system, and a three-speed gear-box like a car's, all point to the similarity the small machine has to the motor-car proper in its details. In order to get greater silence in its engine-running, this H.D. motor-cycle has its exhaust springs and tappets fully enclosed by telescopic tubes, and this, in combination with the design of the valve-cams, has had the desired effect in muffling engine-noise.

Gas-Adjuster. An easily adjusted jet, which is operated by a milled nut accessible from the saddle, together with the means of giving an extra-rich mixture for starting up when the weather is cold, and the

usual handle-bar grip-control, form a combination that is easy to use and meets practically all required variations of giving gas to the engine under diverse circumstances.

Mechanical Pump. Although a hand-pump is supplied and can be used if necessary, the lubrication is effected by a worm-driven automatic mechanical oil-pump. This is contained in the magneto pinion-drive casing, and driven by a worm mounted on one of the pinions. Oil is drawn direct from the tank, and an inspection window is provided in order that the rider may

the Remy Electrical Company, and with its storage battery provides the two-bulb headlight and tail-lamp with their necessary electric current. The idea of having two bulbs in the headlight is that one of low-candle power is for use in towns and traffic districts, while the other gives a brilliant illumination of the road for faster travelling. A two-way key is provided for switching either one or the other bulb into action. Yet another novelty is provided. This is the mechanical horn, which is only in action when the engine is running, so that the small boy cannot "hoot-hoot" and run away when the machine is left standing unattended. As for the gear-box, it is on regular three-speed car lines, with unusually stout gears, and the clutch is of the dry-plate steel and composition type. It is actuated by a toe-and-heel pedal, placed by the left foot-board, and engages by rocking the pedal forward and de-clutches when rocked back. A 16-tooth engine sprocket for solo machines, or a 14-tooth when a side-car is used with the Harley-Davidson motor-cycle, and 28-inch wheels for greater comfort, complete the salient points of this American machine, which is seeking patrons among British motor-cyclists.—W. W.



A LUXURIOUS CAR: A 35-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER VAUXHALL-NEWMARKET CAR WITH TUBULAR BODY.

This fine car was built by Vauxhall Motors (1914) Ltd., and is the property of Mr. Leslie Walton.

note the flow of oil to the engine. Evidently the magneto-dynamo combined machine has not yet been sufficiently developed in the U.S.A. for small motors, though one might have expected this, according to the trend of American methods. Instead, the magneto is a separate unit, and so is the lighting dynamo. The latter generator is built by

Now that there are numbers of second-hand cars changing owners, unless purchasers are expertly familiar with the various types, they should engage a professional man to make a thorough inspection of the car on offer. Not only should it be examined as to every detail, internally and externally, a mere cursory look being wholly insufficient, but the tyres should be just as closely scrutinised. If they are claimed to be, say, Dunlops, look for the name Dunlop on the side, the registered trade-mark (Dunlop head), size, case, and tread number. On the tube the name Dunlop is repeated, together with the trade-mark (placed near the valve patch), size, and number. Besides these marks, the word "Heavy" appears on both sides of the heavy plain cover, and the word "Limousine" on both sides of the cover. Another precaution is to make sure that the marks and number have not been tampered with. Strip off the covers, examining them inside and out; and look at the tubes, to see that they are not importations of doubtful value.

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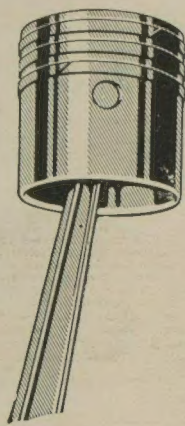
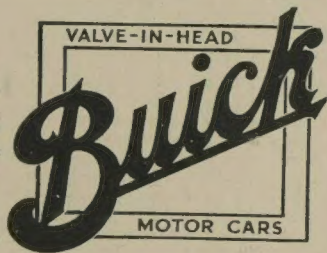
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How to lubricate the 78,208,000 piston strokes. Facts that show the importance of correct lubrication.

As you glide along in your Ford car, do you realise the work the motor performs? It may surprise you to learn that on high gear the engine revolutions mount up to almost 2,500 per mile.

The piston strokes number over 19,500 per mile, and at the end of the season, assuming you have covered 4,000 miles on high gear, your pistons have made 78,208,000 strokes, and have rubbed over a surface inside the cylinders equal to a distance of almost 5,000 miles!

And during all that time a film of oil three one-thousandths of an inch thick has saved your motor from ruin.

Lubrication, therefore, is one of the most vital necessities in the operation of your Ford motor.

But there are degrees of lubrication. One oil may be of high lubricating efficiency and yet be unsuitable in body. Another oil may be of correct body and yet break down under the heat of service.

The effects of the incorrect oil will not be noticed during the first piston stroke, or the second. But when the piston strokes run up into the millions friction begins to take its toll.

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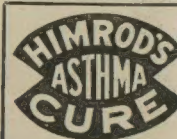
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NEW NOVELS.

"The Faun and the Philosopher," to more than once in "The Faun and the Philosopher" (Hutchinson),

the book can be commended as a refuge from the anxieties of the present hour. In Ashdown Forest, where Mr. Horace Hutchinson knows his ground so well, the Faun and the Philosopher have each their coign of vantage, and the one produces his poetry and the other his observations on life in a manner nicely balanced from chapter to chapter. The Faun was a young Canadian with prick ears, who lived in a caravan the better to woo the Philosopher's daughter. He was passing through a well-known phase of religious doubt, while the Philosopher had arrived at an equally well-known state of philosophy. The Canadian expressed his feelings in verse, and the wise doctor in a lecture to a village audience—an indication that his wisdom had obvious limitations. Gentle Mary, the Doctor's daughter, wrestled with the agnostic tendencies of her lover, and was able, by an application of parable, to establish the claims of Christianity, to his spiritual comfort and his intellectual conviction. All this sounds trite. The truth is the book is trite, and the sub-title of "A Forest Phantasy," with all its delightful suggestion, flatters the manner of the story. The irresponsibility of a phantasy is absent. Mr. Hutchinson is painstaking, and he keeps a moderate level of workmanship all through. This may be deliberate. A forest is a pleasant place, God wot, but it is not the setting for profound thought or the deep agonies of a soul's awakening.

"Maria Again." Maria, advancing with the times to the edge of the Great War, but tactfully held back by Mrs. John Lane from further progress, is a figure we are glad to welcome. Her creator apologises for her existence in these tragic times, but the apology is superfluous. "Maria Again" (The Bodley Head) is refreshing comedy, and we could better spare a better (or more serious) book. Maria ran nimbly after the latest

craze, with the brainless activity of a pig scampering through a gate. Her description of the American lady's lecture on Shakespeare at Claridge's is inimitable, and it may serve as a sample of Maria in one of her characteristic outpourings. "The American lady said all she lived for was to find out who Shakespeare really was. . . . Then she poked in her bag for some more papers she couldn't find, although she took out her Cook's tickets, hotel coupons, pepsin tabloids, and keys. But she gave it up,

Shakespeare, even if he wasn't Shakespeare. But it gave her a chance to bear testimony to the greatness of the East; for the Chinese laundry was too lovely for words. . . . England's greatest mysteries are Shakespeare and its washings; but America in her person had solved one, and she hoped it was China's mission to solve the other. For all the water of England—and she said England really had more than her share—did not seem able to turn her laundry from the grey it borrows from the skies. 'Poetic,' said Maria, deeply moved, 'and so true.'"



AN AUDITORIUM TRANSFORMED INTO A DORMITORY: THE EMPRESS THEATRE AT EARL'S COURT AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

The exhibition buildings at Earl's Court are now used as a home for refugees from the Continent. The Empress Theatre has been converted into a huge dormitory, and the auditorium now presents an unusual spectacle, consisting of tiers upon tiers of beds. It accommodates 2000.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

and told us she was afraid she had written her notes on her washing-list by mistake, and that had gone to the laundry. But since she had mentioned laundry she felt it a positive duty to say that anything so perfectly dreadful as the English laundry she never did! And she'd really expected something better from a nation that had a

death, the child himself being apparently convinced, with good reason, that he will be forthwith handed back again to his first and chief tormentor. Did Mr. Wells exploit the sufferings of Bealby with a subtle purpose—to wit, to observe how many people would be beguiled into enjoying them?

"Bealby." The publication of "Bealby"

(Methuen) reminds us that there was once a Mr. Hoopdriver for whom the wheels of happy chance revolved through the home counties. Mr. H. G. Wells has returned to a past method, and run it to death, with the result that "Bealby" is sheer extravaganza. It is as cheerfully unmoral as a harlequinade—and, indeed, it is very like a harlequinade in its rough-and-tumble. The Lord Chancellor of England falls down with the butler and the whisky and the soda-water, and is suspected of drunkenness by his hostess. The landlord, and the policeman, and the tramp, and the comic yokels chase the clown—that is, Bealby—in an ecstasy of trespass and mutual recrimination. Elderly gentlemen are shown, very properly, to be no better than Pantaloon, and the small, irrepressible urchin is harried by every male adult he meets. Columbine, who is a lovely lady travelling in a caravan, treats him indulgently, but without a sense of responsibility—an attitude to be expected of Columbine. The hand of every man is against the tender orphan, and the climax to all the fun is only reached on the final page, in the side-splitting scene when Bealby returns to find his mother sewing mourning in acceptance of the rumour of his

URODONAL

prevents Arterio-Sclerosis.

THE SIGN OF THE TEMPORAL ARTERY.

It is well known that Arterio-Sclerosis is a progressive modification of the blood vessels, which by dint of coming into contact with blood that is loaded with poisonous substances and "peccant humours," gradually become stiff and friable to the point of resembling clay piping. This infirmity is the forerunner and starting point of serious disorders, such as atheroma, cerebral hemorrhage, atrophy of the liver or kidneys, &c. How can the preliminary symptoms be detected so that the progress of the disease may be arrested, if possible, before it becomes generalised?

Candidates to arterio-sclerosis usually digest their food improperly; they experience vague feelings of discomfort, frequent migraine (sick headache), wandering pains, hemorrhage of the nose, tingling sensations in the limbs; the least muscular or mental exertion causes a feeling of exhaustion; they are sensitive to the cold, and inclined to be irritable, worried and melancholic.

There is, however, another symptom which is quite unmistakable, viz., the *Sign of the Temporal Artery*.

It has often been said that a smooth and unlined forehead, free from wrinkles and blemishes, is a token of innocence; but it would be more correct to say that it is a sign of youth and good health. As long as the blood is rich and free from impurities, so long do the muscles retain their flexibility, the skin retain its lustre and firmness, and the tissues their consistency.

On the other hand, if the blood should become impure and the circulation impeded, the network of swollen, stiff-and-petrified blood vessels soon appears through the starved tissues. The temporal vein, especially (which under normal conditions is almost invisible) soon stands out in such a manner that no careful observer can fail to recognise it.

If, therefore, you should notice between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for this is the indisputable proof that your blood vessels are becoming hardened, and that you are threatened with old age. It does not matter that you have not a white hair; your



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels, and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Academie de Medecine in his "TREATISE ON GOUT."

arteries are growing old and do not forget it: you are as old as your arteries.

You must act promptly. Purify your blood from the poisonous substances with which it is loaded, and especially of the most dangerous of all, viz.: uric acid. When your blood vessels are no longer influenced by the acidity of the blood, they will regain their flexibility and contractibility. To effect this miracle it is only necessary to take a thorough course of the wonder-working URODONAL, which dissolves uric acid "as easily as hot water dissolves sugar," and which is the standard treatment of Arterio-Sclerosis as so clearly demonstrated by the latest experimental researches of Dr. Légerot, the eminent professor of Physiology at the Ecole Supérieure des Sciences d'Alger.

By taking every night a teaspoonful of URODONAL in a tumbler of water, and doing this regularly, you will find that nothing else in the world will be more helpful in keeping the veins and arteries flexible and supple. If, however, you already present the "Sign of the Temporal Artery," you should adopt an energetic treatment by taking daily three to four teaspoonfuls of URODONAL (each teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water). You will find this of great benefit, and there is no occasion to be afraid of unpleasant results.

After all, it is not more extraordinary to observe the condition of the temples in order to ascertain the state of the arteries than to examine one's tongue in order to find out the state of the digestive functions.

Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL, Paris Faculty of Medicine.

Adopted by Public Health Authorities.

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